Cla. My Lord, we thinke as *Warwike* and *Levves*
That are so slacke in iudgement, that theile take
No offence at this suddaine marriage.
Edw. Suppose they doe, they are but *Levves* and
Warwike, and I am your king and *Warwikes*,
And will be obaied.
Glo. And shall, because our king, but yet such
Sudden marriages seldome proueth well.
Edw. Yea brother *Richard* are you against vs too?
Glo. Not *I* my Lord, no, God forefend that I should
Once gaine saie your highnesse pleasure, (ther,
I, & twere a pittie to sunder them that yoake so wel toge-
Edw. Setting your skornes and your dislikes aside,
Shew me some reasons why the Ladie *Gray*,
Maie not be my loue and Englands *Queene*?
Speake freelie *Clarence*, *Gloster*,
Montague and *Hastings*.
Cla. My Lord then this is my opinion,
That *Warwike* beeing dishonored in his embassage,
Doth seeke reuenge to quite his injuries.
Glo. And *Levves* in regard of his sisters wrongs,
Doth ioine with *Warwike* to supplant your state.
Edw. Suppose that *Lewis* and *Warwike* be appeasd,
By such meanes as I can best deuise.
Mont. But yet to haue ioind with France in this
Alliance, would more haue strengthened this our
Common wealth, gainst forraine stormes,
Then ahie home bred marriage.
Hast. Let England be true within it selfe,
We need not France nor any alliance with them.
Cla. For this one speech the Lord *Hastings* wel deserues,

To haue the daughter and heire of the Lord *Hungerford*.
Edw. And what then? It was our will it should be so?
Cla. I, and for such a thing too the Lord *Scales*
Did well deserue at your hands, to haue the
Daughter of the Lord *Bonfield*, and left your
Brothers to go seeke elsewhere, but in
Your madnes, you burie brotherhood.
Edw. Alasse poore *Clarence*, is it for a wife,
That thou art mal-content,
Why man be of good cheere, I will prouide thee one.
Cla. Naie you plaide the broker so ill for your selfe,
That you shall giue me leaue to make my
Choise as I thinke good, and to that intent,
I shortlie meane to leaue you.
Edw. Leaue me or tarrie I am full resolu'd,
Edward will not be tied to his brothers wils.
Queen. My Lords doe me but right and you must
Confesse, before it pleasd his highnesse to aduance
My state to title of a Queene,
That I was not ignoble in my birth.
Edw. Forbeare my loue to fawne vpon their frownes,
For thee they must obay, naie shall obaie,
And if they looke for fauour at my hands. (France.
Mont. My Lord, heere is the messenger returnd from

Enter a Messenger.

Edw. Now sirra, What letters or what newes?
Mes. No letters my Lord, and such newes as without
your highnesse speciall pardon I dare not relate.
Edw. We pardon thee, and as neere as thou canst
Tell me, What said *Lewis* to our letters?
Mes. At my departure these were his verie words.